ECLOGS

OR,

PASTORALS

On several

ARGUMENTS.

Nec non erubuit silvis habitare Thaleia.

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13 Oct. 53 Rumpus

THE PREFACE.

THE most ancient and sententious manner of Poesey was that of Dialogue: And doubtless amongst all Compositions the Muses had early to do with, none claim a more pristine and natural Harmony of Speech than what was delivered by way of Eclog.

With the Grecians *it was the Exercise of their wit some Ages before; it was made* Roman, *or by* Virgil *(the best of* Poets*) refin'd to that admir'd perfection in his Works.*

Of English Poets *I know none that have written in this Nature, unless our* Spencer, *a man doubtless of extraordinary ability, tho' so unhappy as to lessen the Excellency of his Thoughts by committing them too remisly (if not needlesly affected) unto a Language not easily understood within the same Century of years in which his Poems were published.*

What desert originally was attributed to this familiar kind of Poesey, may be gather'd from its ancient Use and Esteem. And tho' but generally representing Rural Concerns and Persons, yet not improperly discussing the greatest magnitude of Things (whether Moral or Political) when falling duly within their Compass.

33 Oct. 53 Plumptus

UMI

For as Mankind in its most numerous Appearance is compos'd of vulgar beings, (as indeed the World relating to Men is little more than Multitude) so there is nothing of an Universal Nature or Interest but may be allowed within their Discussion. And it is no less Natural (that occasionally they express their Sense to Superiors in all Capacities) than in what appertains to their Proprieties and Passions on whatsoever Account.

And this has been My Endeavour to imitate in the severe Arguments of these ensuing Pomes; which if grateful to the Reader, I shall be glad to acknowledg the Ingenuity, especially in these days, when the Genuine Harmony of the Muses is so far declin'd, that nothing is frequently held passibly witty in comparison of the most insipid and broadest Libels that ever were committed to the perusal of Men. But enough of particulars by way of Preface.

ECLOGUE I.

Orontes, Tilenes, and *Rixartes.*

The Argument.

Though Gown-men much diſpute, yet Vulgars know,
That they ſhould leaſt litigious ſenſe contend;
And are moſt wiſe when in their Orb they ſhow:
Their time's too dear for uſeleſs thoughts to ſpend.

Orontes.

TEll me *Tilenes*, if men did of old
Believe, and pay as cuſtome now doth hold,
Bleſt be God *Pan*, a full grown *Glebe* I rip,
Is it for him, orthee its Tenths I grip?

Tilenes. If thou doſt ſacred me to *Pan* allow
His Right and Worſhip, I can beſt avow.
Though 'tis Devotion you repine to truſt;
Money annex't to faith, few Swains hold juſt.

Oront. 'Tis not injuſtice, ſhould we ask, if Heaven
Requires ſuch ſums, as unto Prieſts are given
You tythe our Grain which by our toils we raiſe;
Do's this your profit moſt, or Altar praiſe?

Tilen. Faiths that obey, do leaſt diſpute require;
Heaven does ſupremely its own peace deſire.
Oront. Holy on earth deſerves the name of Saint,
Yet Prieſts the Pencils guide that Gods can paint.
Is not our *Pan* like humane figure made?
Mixture of mans (call'd Heavens) makes man afraid.
Til. Ask if *Rixartes* does not hold it juſt,
That men their Faith and Lands to Laws ſhould truſt?
An Advocate he is to *Pan* allow'd,
Well known in wranglings of your rural crowd.
Oront. If Mortals truly tell ſome times there were,
When they no Treſpaſs, nor Law-ſuit did fear:
Or had curſt bounds deny'd what men could till,
Or cattel when they ſought of food their fill.
Hunger, in man and beaſt, ſtrict Laws reſtrain,
And muſt, 'gainſt Natures ſenſe, permit its pain.
Rix. 'Twas Laws firſt Conſcience that prohibits ſtealth,
A common licence ruines Common-wealth.
The Tillagers this greedy truth well know,
As they encroach upon their Neighbours plough.
Earth is to man apportion'd by his care,
In common nought is his, but life and air.
Oront. Lawyer, I grant in part what thou doſt ſpeak;
But what propriety could make Swains take
Their burning labours in the days fierce heat,
Or tend their flocks when pinch'd with cold they bleat:
Whilſt Rurals now lament that Law prepares,
Amongſt their toils its own litigious cares;
As queſtion'd limits eager ſtrife embold;
Nor meer ſton's ſacred right can it withhold.
Law ſeems too ſubtilly juſt to be obey'd;
By it litigious Prieſts with ſuits are paid.
Teach me if Law or Conſcience firſt did give
The profit by which your Vocations live.

Til. What

Til. What, Swain, thou offer'ſt, Prieſts can beſt decide;
Conſcience made Law, and by it Laws abide.
Rix. Too much thy Function, Prieſt, does thee incline;
Before Law was what Altar then did ſhine?
Devotions Guide you may your ſelves allow,
'Tis Law that makes your Rights and Treaſures due.
Til. Can mans Edict the ſenſe of Heaven controul?
Or teach ſuch that can beſt direct the ſoul?
Go to the Bar, and plead vvhat thou call'ſt juſt;
Heavens Legiſlative povv'r is made our truſt.
Oront. The Svvain rejoyc'd to hear debates ariſe,
That might in Law and Faith make him more wiſe.
Beſpoke both thus, your Callings I confeſs,
But can't the Riddles well of either gueſs.
Faith is a Thing refin'd I often hear,
The Laws nice Reaſon too we Rurals fear.
Tell me which beſt the wiſe among you teach,
Or ſuch plead deepeſt, or profoundly preach?
Til. What thou requireſt, Swain appeareth bold,
At leaſt for ſuch courſe ſenſe the Plough does hold.
The Wit of Faith and Rule is like the flame
Divine *Prometheus* more divine did name;
Who, when from Heaven reported to fetch fire,
More it allow'd than durſt the truth inquire.
To acquieſce and pay Swain deem it beſt,
Leſt moſt thou mock'ſt thy ſelf to find the Jeſt.
Oront. The loweſt man has Stars above him ſhine;
And Natures Rule does ſomething all refine:
The lands I dreſs, their ſilent wonders ſhow;
No reaſon tells why graſs ſtill green doth grow.
And when on Heaven my eye doth upward look
I ſacred Order read without your Book.

Rix. Then, Swain, thou grant'ſt, that with mans skill do
Things that all mortals muſt allow divine. (joyn
But which of our Profeſſions has moſt wit,
Tilenes, I'le diſpute, if thou think'ſt fit.

Til. What thou *Rixartes* mov'ſt too ſoon may raiſe
Debates which neither of our Callings praiſe.
Or much the ſame, ſhould we Contenders be.
Whether Law's Strife or Faith's men greater ſee.

Rix. The World I grant may either Wits reſent,
Becauſe too much on both the purſe has ſpent,

Til. But Laws vexatious pleading moſt men tell
Does to Mankind its wranglings deareſt ſell.
Our ſacred Robe Diſſentions cheaply ſhow,
Whil'ſt Rich ones at your ſowr Tribunals grow.

Rix. Did peeviſh Faith's propriety diſpute
The tongues of Prieſts would make the Pleaders mute.
And though ſome niceties you caſt away;
For others you diſpence men dearly pay.

Til. Divine diſcuſſions ſacred pens have ſpread,
Heavn's ſecret Will muſt with ſome gloſs be read.
Its common Works in common men behold,
The Stars vaſt Numbers known, and nam'd of old.
What's wrapt above our ſtudies beſt diſpence,
Or piouſly allow'd an inſpir'd ſenſe.

Rix. If to Heavens Throne ſo courtly Prieſts are made,
Have you no flatteries thence to men convey'd.
Such fine things here of Gods and men you tell,
As if men ask'd no proof when promis'd well.

Til. For love or fear th' obſequious Heav'n obey,
Whilſt your Tribunal's beſt implor'd by pay.
Trifles of ſtrife require from you ſome skill,
Others coſt much when little they do ill.
Mans Reaſon you term Law when beſt refin'd;
What ere its Mint produc'd for you tis coin'd.

Rix. When

Rix. When Niceties from ſtrict conteſts do ſpring,
The more repute ſuch to our Callings bring:
As if the caſe were put, which Client moſt
Shall to a Spiders web his Title boaſt?

Til. Though Criticiſms of Law mans Right controul,
Yet ſuch are nobler that direct the ſoul.
Angels and Gods our reaching thoughts deſcribe,
Whilſt words unlogick'd fit your mouthing Tribe.

Rix. Heavens worded-Worſhip your School neatly
Or tells how many immaterial points (joynts,
Contains a Spirit's *Ubi*; or what Prince
Shall wear the brighteſt Crown when gone from hence.
Take then ſuch Logick to your ſelf and Laws;
So ours diſcerns on earth to plead mans cauſe.

Til. The erring World in Worſhip diſagree;
Some moſt diſpute, ſome *this* or *that* can be.
Yet ſoul on ſoul no treſpaſs ere commits,
Or feels the Cenſures which the purſe permits.
Judicial Laws to Faith ſo far comply,
That who believeth beſt your Bar can't try.

Rix. If men might queſtion things which you diſpute,
Their fierce debates would make your Prieſthood mute.
At leaſt our Robe no greater gain could ſhare,
If from divided Faiths their payment were:
Or that ſome gainful damage was allow'd
To ſuch who for belief contend moſt loud.

Til. Truth has with falſhood too long mix'd in men,
That both in either poſeth thought and pen.
But harder far Conviction ſo to ſway
That worſt beliefs ſhould therefore better pay.
To Worſhip thriftily moſt Sects incline,
Whilſt your Litigiants do your gain aſſign.

Rix. The

Rix. The most transcendent mischiefs you create,
Wars you call holy give to good men Fate.
Or Kings and Subjects with disputes divide,
And add to fierce Rebellion godly Pride.
Money with money most with us contends;
And where 'tis wanted of it self Law ends.
Til. The rich and proud Believers most incline
To be less easie when call'd most divine.
In peace by them their Neighbours Right's oppress,
And of all Clients you receive them best.
To interest on earth our Laws dispence,
As well as yours, some favour for its pence.
Whilst mean of Mankind cheaply Heaven implore,
Lest too much they reluct in being poor.
So much their pains their toiling sense imploy,
That they more hours for work than pray'r enjoy.
Ask but this Swain if this be not a truth,
Or let him speak what he conceives to both.
Oront. The courser mortals nature does ordain,
To furrow for mans bread with restless pain.
Whilst earth to homely skill her blessings yields;
No great mans toils she asks to dress her fields.
And well no higher pride she does allow,
The fine-skin'd Rich for food would faintly plough.
We Rurals bless what labour'd ridges give,
And Nature's Wonders in our own believe.
Thus we behold how heavenly Bees do dwell,
Yet which their Priest or Lawyer is, none tell.
In Faith and Law, who'd not contention fear?
Practis'd by such who prize things o're-dear.
Our vulgar being on the Soul least pries,
Or reasons things, whose sense above it lyes.
With us enough 'tis happy to submit
To what our Rulers shall allow most fit.

Til. This

Til. This Swains conceſſion does for me decide,
Who grants our ſacred Problems can't be try'd
By ſuch Concluſions men from reaſon draw:
What Wit can more exceed your Common Law?
Rix. Call you that pious Wit your Schools contend,
Yet ne're inſpir'd enough your brawls to end?
If Fees we take mens nicer Rights to try,
Some time or other ſuch Contentions dye.
Your Books could n'ere your holy ſtrife compoſe,
But add unto the World more Prieſtly foes.
If this be not a truth ſpeak Rural now;
'Tis plain enough to him that holds the Plough.
Oront. Ceaſe Prieſt and Lawyer, leſt my Crime ſhould be,
Thus to provoke your ſenſe to diſagree.
The wit of Books and Arts few Plough-hinds learn,
With clods were Pearl turn'd up, they'd ſcarce diſcern.
My thoughts too buſie were your Wit to know;
Or things, plain Reaſon too much veil'd doth ſhow.
Your peace with mine I better can adviſe,
Or at your peril be ſecure and wiſe.
Great *Pan* a *Satyr* in this Wood maintains,
(If fame truth tell to Rurals on theſe plains)
Curs'd as the briſtles on his ſhoulders grow,
Said to have kill'd and eat ſome Gown-men too.
Or ſuch as raiſe fierce ſtrifes in Faith or Right.
O! ſhould he come and find you in this plight:
Or that the toils of Swains ſhould be perplext
With burthens like to ſuch your brain have vext.
See what a cloud from yonder Vale doth riſe,
A red wind too that hurts the head and eyes!
Let this remove you in ſome haſte from hence,
Rurals muſt leaſt be buſie with their ſenſe;
Or argue things too much diſtract their care;
Laws they obey, and Faith's command they fear.

Wha

What wit or power can either beſt commend,
Suits not mans humble and obedient end.
Little the World enjoys is ſtrictly juſt;
In much the Fool and Wiſe alike muſt truſt.
At which the Prieſt and Lawyer ſoon depart,
Vowing no more to wrangle Wit or Art;
Which mans diſquiet ſo unuſeful brings,
If my Muſe credit have this Eclogue ſings.

ECLOGUE II.

Daphnis, Circe, and *Therilla.*

The Argument.

Whilſt Daphnis *would of Mortals faireſt be,*
And beauteous Circes *Nymph-like form diſdains;*
Love them moſt lovely does in Love agree:
And in their beauties joyn'd beſt triumph gains.

Daph. THE youthful *Daphnis* doting on his face
And comely ſhape, though but of rural Race;
Pride of the Village his ſmooth form had bred,
His flock too finer thought, cauſe by him fed.
Unto his looks his Pipe gave pleaſure too;
The bluſhing Shepherdeſs did tempt to woo.
Who next exults of Swains to be held fair,
Nor grants their Females could his face compare.
Narciſſus Story with delight he'd tell,
And in each ſtream his figure lov'd as well.

Throughout

Throughout their plains none of their fair he ſought,
His Sex moſt lovely in himſelf he thought.
Conceited *Daphnis* thus ſome days had ſpent,
Indulg'd to beauty time has ſhorteſt lent.
A Feaſt to *Ceres* then by Swains was held
With fatteſt Victims from the ſoil they till'd,
And joyful meaſures their beſt lay's invite,
Or Dance Pipe Sing with one intire delight.
Nor with this Goddeſs they leſs *Pan* implore
To be propitious to their tender ſtore.
A vow beſides they made by their beſt Grain,
And flocks that ſley'd the fertile Hill and Plain,
That *Daphnis* ſhould be to fair *Circe* joyn'd
To *Hymens* Glory, if their Stars were kind.
Or Swains indulg'd ſuch Lovers to complete,
In whom the Beauties of both Sexes meet.
With Garlands they did lovely *Circe* deck,
Her hair diſhevell'd on her Snow-white Neck.
And next with Chaplets ſmooth-fac'd *Daphnis* grac'd,
Admir'd by all, as they on ſeats were plac'd.
Surrounded by the choiceſt Nymphs and Swains,
Beſt us'd the Bow, or folded on the Plains.
Daph. Before whom *Daphnis* thus to *Circe* ſaid;
Though bright *Diana's Chorus* has no Maid
Than thee more lovely, by my Lambs I ſwear
For thy looks *Venus* one deſerves each year
A ſacred Offering with the Springs firſt Flow'rs,
And *May's* bright day devoted to thy hours.
All theſe I grant: but *Circe* 'tis as true
That thou to *Daphnis* ſhouldſt yield Beauty too.
View me as well, and ſay if thou'ſt not be
No more thy ſelf to be the ſame with me.

Circe. To which thus *Circe :* Shepherd I confeſs,
That Nature does in thee her ſelf much bleſs ;
Yet thy beſt is but man, and who e're ſaid
Mans comely feature equall'd handſom Maid!
Though Female Veſts ſome neat proportions hide
Of Limbs and Feet by Lovers would be ſpy'd
When by the face enflam'd they gladly know
More pleaſing ſecrets Beauty keeps below.
Which does enough decide that Woman is
Mankinds perfection, and his fulleſt bliſs.
Too much the kindneſs of our Sex men crave
For me to yield what thou in thine would'ſt have.

Daph. That men begin, Loves uſage does permit,
Who elſe can know which Sex firſt prompted it?
Women, againſt their wills, oft ſilent are,
Or taught by cuſtom more to bluſh than fear.
Mightſt thou but ſhow thy naked limbs with mine,
Thy ſlender waſte in whiteneſs too as fine:
Or take the ſilver Stream with me to ſwim
Curling its waves with thy ſmooth Breſt and Limb.
My ſoft Proportions would ſoon thine ſurpaſs,
Or Swains might judg which beſt of either was.

Circe. Thy Beauty Shepherd, thee emboldens much
Nor is the chaſte *Diana*'s Worſhip ſuch
As grants her Nymphs all parts unveil'd to ſhow,
Although they Quivers looſely wear and Bow.
Thy askt deciſion can't be had with thee;
What's hid of thine I'le gueſs, do ſo by me.

Daph. Or if thou wilt let ſome of thy Sex tell
Which Face and Perſon does of ours excel.

Circe. Thy laſt Demand more modeſt is than juſt,
Woman that's fair, leaſt Woman-judge can truſt.
Our Sexes Beauties moſt their envy raiſe,
Men have their Loves and Men they'l therefore praiſe.

As

As much thy Sex to ours inclines from thee;
Ask men if ever man was form'd like me?
Daph. If 'twixt us Man nor Woman can't decide,
Is there no means that we by Heav'n be try'd?
A Grove there ſtands where *Venus* has a Bower,
An Altar in't held ſacred to her power.
Shall we implore a Dictate from her there
Shee has a Prieſteſs too, diſcerns the fair?
Circe. Fond youth her Oracles thou doſt miſtake,
Though ſhe does oft Loves Cauſe myſterious make;
Yet to both Sexes flames ſhe will diſpence:
Beauty ſhe likes but blames its ſelf-lov'd ſenſe.
Pipe to the Woods and Plains, or Eccho try
If ſhe, for thy vain youth, will once more dye.
Daph. Our Morning Stars alone I did behold
Early to day, when bleating from my fold
My tender flock did their ſlow wander make.
That Star, methought, which moſt for *Venus* take,
Shot beams to grace on purpoſe my ſmooth looks,
As ſhe had wiſh'd with me to tend my flocks.
Circe. Thou rov'ſt ſoft Youth, I might as id'ly ſay
That *Phœbus* with my beams adds light to day:
Or that I ſhould believe when Poets tell
That Womans eyes the radiant Stars excel.
To quit all theſe, of Muſick make thy choice;
Or take thy Pipe, I'le ſhame thee with my voice.
I can beſides a nimble *Chorus* lead;
Some think *Diana*'s Nymphs no lighter tread.
Or chuſe the meaſure, I dare challenge thee,
I'le warble notes ſhall with its ſteps agree.
This heard by Swains and Shepherdeſſes they
Decree'd *Therilla*'s Vote ſhould theirs convey,
Who had been faireſt next to *Circe* thought,
Or would perhaps have been of *Daphnis* ſought.

Ther. Who thus begins, If lovely Maid and Youth,
To grant your Beauty is a handſome truth,
As gently yield that both deſerve a blame
To rival Features and divide your flame.
What rural Off-ſpring ever did before
Their Sexes Charms, with ſuch conteſt explore?
Heavens Conduct in their Natures has deny'd
The Dreſs and Art of Courts and Cities Pride.
With untaught Comelineſs, or looks that bloom
As native as the Roſe and Lilly come;
Or trees ungrafted their ſmooth branches ſhow
When curl'd (like locks on rural Nymphs) they grow.
Far be't from me with *Circe* to compare,
Or *Daphnis* tell *Therilla* is thought fair.
If I love Swain or knovv Svvain loveth me,
I'le think him faireſt, if ſuch he'l grant me.

Daph. Self loving *Daphnis* ſomething now repin'd
In being not held the handſom'ſt of Mankind.
Threatning that he to Woods would next repair,
And chant like *Orpheus* there his mournful Ayre.
Nor more in Chryſtal ſtreams behold his face,
Since its eſteem adds not his look'd for grace.

Ther. Is't not enough that all our Coats do tell
The moſt admir'd by all that there excel?
Smooth Youth, believe, whilſt Woman may complain
Thy love unkind, thy ſelf-deſires are vain.
Beautie's beſt Soul in love's embrace is known,
Or Natures Graces ſuch unkindly own.
Has not fair *Circe* thee commended too?
Love, and perhaps ſhe'l grant what's more than due.

Circe. At which fair *Circe* bluſh'd, and ſaid;
Let me admire thee moſt thou brighteſt Maid.
And *Daphnis* tell, if he'l be juſt and kind;
No feature to joyn his like thine he'l find.

Daph.

Daph. To which relenting *Daphnis* thus repli'd ;
Beauty in me is for your ſakes deni'd :
As far I'le grant that man can ne're compleat
His ſoft deſires, till they with Womans meet.
Ther. Handſome of men, who'l now not *Daphnis* ſay ?
Cir. So he'l unto *Therilla* love convey,
I'le yield him more than Shepherdeſs has ſeen,
Or Joy above my flocks beſt twins do yean.
What ſay'ſt thou *Daphnis* is't not fit that we
Confeſs her fair ſo kind to thee and me ?
Daph. Circe, I'le not be Judge of Beauty made,
Too much of mine I find by me is ſaid.
That both are lovely, I muſt ſoon confeſs,
Yet in *Therilla* mean not *Circe* leſs.
Ther. Two Palms there are my Mothers Coat does own,
That dearly love and loving ſtill have grown.
Their ſmootheſt branches by my love's deſign'd
Unto your Triumphs, if your Souls prove kind.
Circe. At which fair *Circe* bluſh'd, as ſhe could ſay,
That charming Youth her Beauty would obey.
Beſides a Ray her lovely eye did caſt
That fixt her flame in *Daphnis* Breaſt more faſt.
Daph. Thy beams already me pierce, *Circe*, deep,
My loves awake, and but with thine can ſleep.
The liſtning Rurals with content avow'd
All that theſe Lovers to themſelves allovv'd.
Joyning a *Chorus* to their ſofteſt lays,
Pleas'd as the Lamb that skips vvhen their Pipe plays.
And next fair *Circe* they to *Daphnis* joyn,
Feaſting that day vvith luſty Cakes and Wine.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE III.

Swain and *Soldier.*

The Argument.

'Twixt Mars *and* Pan *ſmall competition holds,*
Whence Swains poſſeſs their labour'd Crops in fear.
The Swords dominion higheſt Crimes upholds,
Whilſt peaceful Scepters only happy are.

Swain. WHEN in a Valley near a River ſide (pli'd;
A Swain ſate muſing, thus his thoughts re-
As vvith this ſtream ſucceſſive vvaves do flovv,
Alike does ſeem the care allovv'd the Plough.
All ſeaſons of the year their Land Svvains till,
And ſvveat as much vvhen loads their Barns do fill.
Time ſeems too narrovv to imploy our pain,
Who toil alike to ſovv and reap our Grain.
A Tax vvhich early Providence has ſet
That man's toils only thus his Food ſhould get.
Whilſt other Creatures him Sujection yield,
Can gently paſture vvhile he ploughs the Field.
He to ſubſiſt his Mother earth muſt tear,
As if for Bread he had vvith Nature War;
Or elſe vvith Heaven did ſtrive to force his Food,
Or vvere deſertleſs of a painleſs good.
Well may th' Ambitious vent their vvarful ſtrife,
Since man ſo roughly nouriſheth vain life.

When

When Nations fight each other to ſubdue,
They conquer moſt that moſt command the Plough.
Sol. I've heard thee, Swain, and judge 'tis fit I tell
How homely thou wouldſt have thy toils excel.
Soldiers to conquer are by honour led,
And thence claim Land and Food that meanly fed
Their ſubdu'd foes, who born unto a ſoil,
Want Valour to protect the Ploughmans toil.
We Lands and Seas dominion can confine,
And warful Nations by forc'd concord joyn.
At will they love, but we compel their fear,
And what Kings great, does not our Scepter bear?
Of all the Stars Swains claim not one their own,
Whilſt *Mars* is ours above the Suns Orb known.
His martial light a wandring Courſe does take
To ſhew that Arms ſhould all Confinements break.
Such ſoils we ſeek moſt Sun and Stars delight,
Leaving cold Climes with their own wants to fight.
Both Poor and Rich to us alike ſubmit;
Camps have the Worlds chief Power as well as Wit.
We breed a Courtier and a Lover beſt,
Beauties that conquer all reſiſt us leaſt.
They covet moſt the armed mans embrace,
Achilles might ſuits Womans ſofteſt place.
Rurals give up your Plough and follow Arms,
The Muſick of your Pipes has no ſuch Charms.
Swain. The Swain when firſt at this Debate ſurpriz'd,
Leaning upon his hazel Cudgel ey'd
A while this Son of *Mars*, and thus repli'd;
The glittering of your Arms cannot delight
So much my Soul, as this Fields pleaſing ſight;
Which ſmiles upon me with that happy Grain
My manful Strength and Plough did thence obtain.

What can your toils produce but Blood and Strife,
Or impious Stratagems on humane life?
Ours do ſuſtain mans ſtrength, which you annoy;
You eat bread chiefly mankind to deſtroy.
Our growing Crops and Harveſt you conſume,
And like wild Spenders have no certain home.
When you command 'tis ruine to obey,
Men for their Life and Goods to you muſt pray.
You ore the World diſorder humane Right,
And for bad Kings againſt the good ones fight.
By your bold conduct fierce Uſurpers raign,
And mock all Laws the guiltleſs ſhould ſuſtain.
You introduce Religion at your will,
As for Heavens ſake you were allow'd to kill.
From you ſeditious Prieſts their Doctrines teach,
Or for our Tythes, what you impoſe, dare preach.
'Tis you that Laws divine and humane break,
High Courts of Juſtice too your Power can make.
By which vile means our great *Charinus* dy'd,
My Wife and Houſhold with me one night cry'd
I well remember that he ſo meek ſo juſt,
Should ſo untimely honour Royal duſt.
His Life might well have made the impious good,
Too great a Precept to be underſtood.
He gave *Theſſalia* rich and happy times;
(Soldiers lament with Swains your powerful Crimes)
His, like the Golden Age, returns no more,
The Sword that conquer'd him firſt made us poor.
T' appeaſe his Ghoſt I'le offer every year
Of my choice early Lambs at leaſt a pair.
In yonder Grove I Altars to him rais'd
Where *Pans* chief Prieſts with ſacred Songs have prais'd
His righteous fame far longer ſhall remain
Than Ploughs ſhall furrough on this fruitful plain.

Or

Or time behold ſtream through this vale to creep,
Or the luxuriant fiſh rejoyce the deep.
Curſe Soldiers curſe the Sword that forc'd his doom,
What greater can Heaven e're permit to come?
I hear thou lov'ſt a Nymph near me does dwell,
And does a many too in face excel.
She ſhall have my good word to prove as kind,
As any ſhe amongſt our Coats thoul't find.
If for my ſake, and to aſſure her ſmiles,
Thy arms oppreſs no more the Ploughmans toils.
Or what is worſe, aſſiſt unlawful might,
Or ſuch vile pow'r for which Uſurpers fight.
See my Coats near where I have Grapes to preſs,
So ripe and fragrant, as thou wouldſt not gueſs.
I'le give thee too their laſt years juice in Wine,
A fair Nymph likewiſe from her lovely Vine
Shall bring thee cluſters, her Honey next ſhall dip
The ſop thou eat'ſt, and thank thee with her lip.
Content beſides I have enough may tell
Lifes joy does fartheſt from Wars trouble dwell.
Sol. Thy Counſel Swain I well do apprehend,
And how ſuch rural thoughts do ſeldom tend
T' applaud the Soldiers marching life and pain,
Alas! you fear your Meads and Fields of grain
Should be our forrage, though I muſt confeſs
Of all Heavens Stars *Mars* leaſt does Rurals bleſs.
That conduct muſt deſtroy which Arms does lead;
We fight our foes at once for Life and Bread.
Hunger ſubdues ſuch hearts as would not fear;
So tender Nature makes the belly care.
When Countries are laid waſte and Plough ſtands ſtill,
Ruſticks our Regions are inforc'd to fill.
Who'r miſerable made by force by force moſt try
To mend their lives, or for ſmall pay will dye.

Thus Scepters oft from Coats encreaſe their might,
And whilſt Rich govern Poor men for them fight.
Soldiers of all mankind life cheapeſt ſell,
To their beſt Fortune near their Fate does dwell.
Money's the God our Perils does invite,
Tho' hard to kill and keep the Soul upright.
Th' Ambitious may their cauſe with Conſcience gild,
That for Religions ſake more may be kill'd.
If e're my Soul did ſuch bold guilt embrace,
Too much I ſinn'd in our laſt Princes caſe.
His Life by impious zeal was forc'd away,
Accurs'd be ſuch that like them kill and pray.
To expiate which Crime I'le henceforth be
Piouſly true to his Poſterity.
His Wars and Honour ſhall command my toils,
For whoſe ſake Swains and Soldiers joyn their ſmiles.
Plunder with loath'd Free-quarters baniſh'd now,
The Power that bids us fight protects the Plough.
See, I have late receiv'd all theſe fair pence
To pay my Quarters, beſides ſome expence
I will your Coats and rural Laſſes give:
Thou told'ſt me of a Nymph might me receive,
Her home I gladly viſit would with thine,
And if ſhe Soldier loves ſhe may be mine.

ECLOGUE

ECLOGUE IV.

Oreſtes and *Polanes.*

The Argument.

Poor Swains their caſual loſs of Sheep complain,
But more the fair Lycoris *Paſſion grieve;*
As love will moſt the Souls concern obtain,
Whether in Cotes or Palaces men live.

Oreſt. BEhold *Polanes* how our Sheep do play,
May't not foretel a ſtorm or rainy day?
Our Lambs too skip as to our Pipes they 'd dance,
And Horſe that feeds theſe Vales their carriers prance.
The Herdſmen next complain their Cattel run
More wildly than if griev'd with Flies or Sun.
When I obſerv'd like things ſome days ago,
I loſt two mighty Rams each other ſlew.
Alas! my Ews when their loves ſeaſon came
Did ſeem to mourn, and joyn'd with leſſer flame
Their luſty males nay ſuch got twins each year:
And pine although in fatning ground they fare.
What this portends our neighbourhood does fright;
I wak'd as much diſturb'd with dreams laſt night.
Beſides moſt Swains at Wakes and Revels ſhow
More unkind mirth than they are us'd to know.
Some fight, ſome wrangle about Land they till,
Or who does treſpaſs moſt on Vale or Hill.

Such deeds (too much I fear) our Stars provoke,
Say what thou think'ſt before my ſteer's I yoak.
Pol. Too ſad effects I with thee apprehend,
Nor could my utmoſt prayers laſt year defend
My Sheep from death ere the Worlds flaming Eye
From *Cancers* ſcalding *Zone* did ſee them dye.
With drought and hunger every day ſome fell,
Whilſt I their hopeful Fleeces wept to ſell.
This Summers moiſture may effect as bad,
The Stars laſt night but drouſey twinklings had.
Beſides *Orions* watry beams we fear,
As round his waſte his Girdle-Stars appear.
Heaven pours down ſtreams apace, and ſtill to rain
The upper Regions bladder'd clouds maintain.
Each day the Sun now breaks *Aurora's* ſleep
He through the Air's moiſt vale is glad to peep.
His ſolſtice beams this moiſture can't allay,
Nor *Cynthia* though moſt Nights ſhe weeps for day.
Each ſmalleſt ſtream and ril the Vale or'e flow,
Whence the unwholſome Graſs too faſt does grow.
Where ſhall we now our flocks ſecurely drive?
When ev'n the food's their bane by which they live.
Mine follow me without my Pipe or voice,
Nor doubt to paſture where I make their choice.
My skill I uſe, nay Stars implore that they
May crop no herbage which may death convey.
Yet all in vain! And where I joy their fill,
The foodful plenty them moſt ſoon doth kill.
Their health & fat I know not how doth waſte,
And pine with Coughs their ſwift Conſumptions haſte.
My Lambs from their ſoft Dams ſuck milkly Deaths,
And whilſt the Tet they joy give up their breaths.

Some

Some I had bred up tidlings in my Arms,
Which more my grief provok'd for their ſad harms.
One I beheld amongſt the reſt to try
A dead Ewes Tet, and did it trying dye.
My beſt Pipe for its loſs I flung away
As on this valley's ſide I mournful lay.
Theſe Miſchiefs to a knowing Paſtor told
Admir'd by Swains and in experience old;
Who long in Flocks and Herds ſuch cauſes ſought
That to their lives a ſwift Deſtruction brought.
He ſaid he oft his Cares had bent to keep
Such ſad diſaſters from his much lov'd ſheep.
And *Ariſteus* loſs of Bees had read,
With what of them and ſheep he likewiſe ſed.
On that hills ſide he ſhew'd an ancient clift,
Where that great Paſtor ſome conceiv'd had left
Records as yet unfound which healthful could
Preſerve the flocks that for rich grain we fold;
The ſame I ſtudied day and night to find,
Imploring Stars to be to me as kind.
Each foggy Meteor I conſider'd too,
And how they caus'd the Graſs more rank to grow.
From whence this caution I to Shepherds gave,
That if their tender flocks from bane they'd ſave,
On wet and mariſh ground to doubt their feed;
O let no Paſtor there uſe Pipe or Reed!
Leſt their ſoft Bowels he to death betray;
Nor on moiſt ſoils permit them e're to ſtay:
Or where a ſandy ſtream its froth doth leave,
They'l nip there Graſs too ſoon a bane may give.
Though in ſuch ſoils moſt greedily they feed,
So ltttle they their harmleſs lives do dread.
Moſt other Creatures will their miſchiefs fly
Theſe (by a Saint-like ſence) diſtruſtleſs dye.

In cauſual times provide betime thy care,
Or let thy Sheep on Hills and Mountains fare
Though there their tender Bodies rough Winds feel,
Pity then more at Sea the Ships weak keel.
Cold leſs than moiſture does afflict our flocks,
Or ſuch thin food that grows on ſides of Rocks
Their health and fleeces it does beſt refine,
As this has been my care ſo make it thine.
But mourn no more thy Fate in what is loſt,
Knowledge is got too cheap which nought doth coſt.
Pol. As much I grieve to ſee our Folds impair,
And to thy Paſtoral aid will joyn my care
How to prevent what further may impend;
The faireſt of my flock I'le with thee ſend
To *Pan* an Off'ring or what Star thou'lt chuſe,
And beg that of our flock no more we loſe.
Though this concern my breaſt more light had born,
Did I not now my Loves unkindneſs mourn?
Thou know'ſt full well how I *Lycoris* lov'd,
And how her Beauty was by Swains approv'd:
To her they offer'd their firſt Flowers in *May*,
And firſt ſhe danc'd on our laſt May-pole day.
Her foots neat movement I as ſtrictly watch'd,
And of her leg ſome times a glympſe I catch'd.
I ne're ſaw ſhape ſo dainty to my ſight,
The Doe or Hind could not have tript more light.
My blood-red Apples her delighted well,
And would let me with Nuts her pocket fill.
My Virgin-Honey ſhe with ſops would eat,
And ſaid my Bees moſt ſweetly made the meat.
My Butter too ſhe did as much admire
Wiſhing her Heifer might have my herds Sire
To calve by next, nay kiſs'd me frankly too,
As who wou'd ſay We kinder things muſt do.

Thou

Thou well may'ſt judge how this rejoyc'd my heart,
My blood in every vein then danc'd its part.
Yet after all too ſadly now I find,
That my *Lycoris* may be ſoon unkind.
Oreſt. Thy grief *Polanes* I ſhould pity more,
Did not my Soul alike one Fate deplore.
I love *Lycoris* with the ſelf-ſame flame,
And can her fickle heart as juſtly blame.
Nor could ſhe e're give thee ſoft word or look,
But I as tender yieldings from her took.
Her flock with mine on this fair Plain ſhe'd guide,
And ſing of Love with me on its hill ſide.
Her long and ſlender waſte I then did clip,
Felt her ſoft Kiſs and ſmacke upon my lip.
A Ruſh-Ring too of mine ſhe then did wear,
And ſaid Her-finger it became to bear.
To yonder Fountain thus we oft did go
There to behold how our kind looks would ſhow.
Whilſt I praisd'd her ſhe needs would praiſe me moſt,
Vowing few Nymphs could ſuch a Lover boaſt.
Of me ſhe ſeem'd ſo longing by her eye,
As if ſhe muſt enjoy me too or dye.
This paſs'd, whilſt I as little doubted then
As thou could'ſt me or any other man.
A rich clad Gallant that on hunting rid,
Ask'd her by chance if in our Groves was hid
A Hart or Deer, that his ſwift Hounds might chaſe:
At firſt ſhe wonder'd at his Coats Gold-Lace;
Next how his hair ſo neatly hung in curl,
Whilſt Wind and Rain ours rudely plat and furl.
Fair Maid ſaid he I much more thee admire
Whoſe Beauty ſo exceeds thy Dreſs and Tire.
Our Court and City Ladies would with Pride
Behold ſuch white and red by Nature dy'd.

Whilſt they their Looks and Cheeks by Art muſt grace,
And from the Sun and Wind ſecure their Face.
Whole Mornings they do in attiring ſpend
In hopes their Womans art their faults may mend.
How much more fair amongſt them wouldſt thou be
Since Nature in deſpite of Art form'd thee?
Conſider how thy Neck would Pearl become,
(And as tis ſaid, that inſtant gave her ſome)
Thy form and ſhape deſerves the fineſt things,
And thy neat fingers ſhould wear Diamond-Rings.
All theſe I'le give thee and my love beſide.
She bluſh'd, but like ſome Girl in love with pride
Did as it were invite his wiſhes on.
Ambitious Maid! She'l be too ſoon undone,
Content ſhe ſeems already to forſake
And that mean life ſo happy us does make.
I heard ſhe threw her Boxen-Rings away,
Her Ivory Bracelets, and rejoyc'd the day.
Next news we hear ſhe'l Mornings lye in Bed
Forgetting how betimes her flocks ſhe fed.
Unhappy low Eſtate that does forget
That to be happy 'tis ſo humbly ſet.
Shortly thou'lt find ſhe will be Courtly dreſt,
And like ſome Females love ſuch only beſt
Can moſt beſtow, not judging that the great
(So many love) a many needs muſt cheat.
Whoſe love of Beauty (ſearch'd into the Root)
Withers as ſoon as it has crop'd the fruit.
How ſoon the fair are tempted to be proud?
Pity that ſuch ſhould beauteons be allow'd!
Nor Swains expect your comely all your own,
They'l learn to leave you for the Court and Town:
In faſhion 'tis ſome tell with great men now
Beneath themſelves on love's account to do.

May Swains preſume great Ladies next to court,
Or tempt ſuch Beauties to embrace their ſport ?
Is't not then juſt that we our fair ones keep
To be our loves delight and tend our ſheep ?
Or would *Lycoris* had been ſtill ſo wiſe,
Whilſt ſhe Ambition ſeeks more ſafe love flies.
Sure ſhe grew haughty when we call'd her fair,
The Pride that moſt infects a Womans ear.
We ſung her praiſes o're the Plains and Woods,
And deem'd her the beſt Glory of our Floods:
If out of ſight ſome Eccho did convey
All what our Pipes and Verſe of love could ſay.
I added oft this intercalar line,
That ſhe all other Nymphs did far out-ſhine.
I did a Muſe on purpoſe too implore
For finer things than I had thought before.
She now forgets her Beauti's lov'd not ſhe,
There was not ſuch a Crime in thee or me.
Small ſtreams are loſt which are with great ones joyn'd,
And from them more their Ebb than Tides do find.
Such is the conſequence when mean embrace
The great, as ſad may be *Lycoris* caſe.
O may our Pipes her love to fields recall,
And tell what will her forward youth befall.
But ſhe alas from us is too far gone,
Weep Nymphs with Swains and ſay ſhe's vainly won.
But none of all your fair her ſteps purſue,
Gallants have Arts plain Beauties ſoon undo.
Tend ſheep or practiſe well your Dart and Bow,
And like your pleaſures love as humbly too.

ECLOGUE V.

Timalcas and *Colanes.*

The Argument.

Content and Duty humble thoughts convey,
And to ſublimer precepts may aſpire
When meaner Souls ſuch Adoration pay
As Heaven and Kings from Subjects do require.

Tim. SIT here *Colanes*, ſit a while with me,
And ceaſe thy Pipe, let all our Muſick be
To pleaſe our thoughts with what theſe Plains ſhall yield;
Doſt not perceive how thick the grainful field
Is crouding Bleſſings we muſt ſoon receive?
Our flocks fat too with herbage it does give.
From whence proceeds our manful Nations Good,
And what maintains the Soldiers warlike Blood?
At Sea and Land our ſafeties they muſt keep,
To *Mars* let's offer then our fatteſt Sheep.
I have a Heifer yet unſtroak'd for milk,
Some Nymph might ſtrip whoſe hand's more ſoft than ſilk.
An Ox as lovely that no yoak doth know,
To him a Sacrifice let all theſe go.
Beſides ſome juice our loaded Orchards bear
Of chearful Apple or the fragrant Pear.
Invoking *Pan* with ours to joyn his lay,
And on this Subject his beſt Muſick play.

Arcadia

Arcadia never did ſuch greatneſs know,
While Rich at home our Riche conquer too.
What Swain would not this Glory ſtill promote?
And yet thou look'ſt as thou could'ſt now be mute.
Col. Too much *Timalcas* thou indulg'ſt thy ſenſe,
Or do'ſt not well compute it with thy pence.
Money's the greatneſs for which Swains do plough,
And furrow earth with pain and ſweating brow.
Our *Pans* great Worſhip they muſt ne're ſurceaſe,
The plenteous Godhead of our flocks increaſe.
Though 'tis a truth I dare as boldly tell
That Swains beſt Worſhip when their Gouds beſt ſell.
Tim. Did we not hear *Boruſtans* Tongue late ſay?
An impious curſe as it did rain that day.
Nay judg'd Heaven idle 'cauſe it then did pour
Drops on his Glebe he ſaid did want no ſhowr.
'Tis well that Heav'n ſeems deaf-ear'd for mans ſake
Or does on ſuch no ſwifter vengeance take.
My much lov'd ſpouſe kind *Phillis* late I chid,
For ſmall repining at the price was bid,
When at the Market we did hope to get
More ſilver pence for grain to ſale we ſet.
How did our Churliſh Neighbourhood complain,
Vowing they reap'd and ſhear'd their Sheep in vain?
And how of Cheeſe and Butter they had ſtore,
Though its low value ſtill did keep them poor?
Col. Can Courts ſubſiſt without the help of Swains,
To whoſe ſoft pleaſure goes their Purſe and Pains?
But now methinks I trembling ſweat for fear
Of ſome new Tax, or Contribution near.
I ſold a Cow ſo richly fill'd the pale,
She was the Glory of this fertile Vale.
A Horſe beſides as well became my Plough,
Nay I had like t' have ſold my Nine-pig Sow.

Thy *Phillis* too with more tears than I tell
Her tender Worms beſt ſilk did likewiſe ſell.
When ſhall we equal thoſe rich happy days,
In which with Village-Songs and ſprightly Plays
Each Swain delighted in his Game and Sport
To which our rural Beauties did reſort?
Pleas'd when they flowry Garlands could beſtow
On him who did moſt Youth and Vigour ſhow.
But what's our Fate that we now live to be
Poor and declining ſtill in Poverty?
Was War the curſe theſe Miſchiefs did produce?
Or do men grow from bad to worſe by uſe?
Unhappy Vulgars Greatneſs ſtill muſt aid,
Yet of their own concerns are leaſt afraid.
There's no Ambition that deſtroys the Plough,
Or envy's the ſmall Coats our dwellings ſhow.
In all Dominions we by labour live,
Though that we judge the beſt where leaſt we give.
What e're's the cauſe, or whatſoe're's the right,
Commons are forc'd to pay as well as fight.
Tim. Colanes we ſhould conſter things not well
If we do prize content by what we ſell.
Is't not enough we have of Gain good ſtore,
And that each Crop we ſow is yielding more?
Out of ſufficient Heaven does bid us ſpare,
And Swains that homely live want leaſt ſhould fear.
Happy thrice happy is a mean Eſtate
That ſlights the idle fulneſs of the great.
To toils of earth by Nature we muſt bow,
And think that is enough ſupports the Plough:
By it we are enur'd to Summers heat,
And ſhrink not in cold Winters ſtorms or ſlete.
'Tis our rough nerves that Warlike Regions make,
Whilſt Kings their Strength and Tributes from us take:

Let

Let this our Glory be as well as Might,
Plow on then Swains till we are call'd to fight.
Methinks each time my luſty Fore-horſe leads,
And with his dangling Bells ſo boldly treads:
I dare conclude that did he Trumpets hear
The noiſe would more delight his ſprightly ear.
The other day I back'd him a round trot
Where full mouth'd Hounds an o're-grown Bore had got
Unto a Bay, which threatn'd death to all,
And on my Horſe and me at once did fall.
Moſt for his ſake I fear'd becauſe I knew
I might ſo ſtrong a guide want to my Plough.
Whilſt he did then with prick'd up ears and tail
My weighty Spear and me bear to aſſail
This furious Beaſt which ſoon I gave Death then,
And ſo preſerv'd the life of Dogs and Men.
Let Svvains their Bodies health and Strength delight
Their pleaſant Fields by day, ſound Sleeps at night.
My *Phillis* ſhall more Parſley-beds now ſet,
And Strawberry-plants which in the Woods I'le get.
There's Betony beſides for Head and Spleen,
Nor does our Corn now wear a ſickly green.
Sing to the Woods and Fields, ſing Swains amain,
They'l plenty have what e're's the price of Grain.
Col. Thou ſtill proceed'ſt to thoughts above thy breſt,
Few rural ſeats are ſo refinely bleſt.
As well a ruſtick Epick Songs may ſing
And bid the Plains Heroick Battels ring.
Orpheus 'tis true in Fields did make his moan,
And *Ariſteus* mournful Verſe did tune
To ſee his much lov'd Bees decline their Breed.
We want no Honey but ſweet Coyn do need
To pay and fight thou would'ſt incite us Swains,
And to that purpoſe harden ſtill our veins.

Time

Times paſt *Arcadia* kept not Rurals low
When Riches did maintain their Mirth and Plough;
Or do they now improve their valour more
Becauſe they tame their Stenghth by growing poor:
Indians may naked fight becauſe ſo bred,
Or on their marches be as wildly fed.
Good Shoes and Coats our Bodies do require,
And meat well ſodden on the beſt Wood-fire,
Take theſe from us or Money from our Purſe,
We ſeldom pay or fight without a Curſe.
What is it to be rich and not enjoy,
Or bear ſuch burthens its delight annoy?
Taxes now fret our Perſons and Eſtates,
And publick wants are grown our worſt of Fates.
Sing to his Pipe, What Swain or Shepherd can,
Or will not rather mourn his Wants to *Pan*?
Tim. Duty forbids to pity thy complaint,
Or Swains that under their juſt burthen faint.
Our Countrys ſervice I declar'd before
Is then all Treaſure to be valu'd more,
When our Prince Wars our Duty bids aſſiſt
And with bold Souls his boldeſt foes reſiſt.
If his breſt troubled be we ſhould not pleaſe
Our ſelves with thoughts of plenty and of eaſe.
Does he our money vvant? let's give him ſtore,
And Till the Earth with care to yield us more.
Enough does not moſt Rurals well ſuffice,
Who would be more than needful Rich or Wiſe?
On things of State too deeply ſuch dare peep
Who better can diſcern the ſcab in Sheep.
The Power commands us ſhould be underſtood
To be at once our ſafety and our good.
What if courſe Shoes and Clothes we yield to wear,
And Taxes pay though Corn we ſell not dear.

The

The time may come vvhen vve ſhall Foes command,
And vent our Grain o're conquer'd Seas and Land.
Though Factions ſtill vvill other Doctrines teach,
Like ſuch (of ſacred things) unduly preach.
With humble thoughts let Vulgars their fields dreſs,
The unrepining labour Heaven doth bleſs.
What is't that Riches do conſiſt upon
More than full meals or Veſt that's lac'd or Govvn?
Do'ſt not behold hovv healthfully Svvains look
Whoſe Bodies never ſuch ſhort eaſe could brook?
Can thy *Larilla* or my *Phillis* tax
Their blooming cheeks or better features ask?
Nay haſt not heard that for ſuch Red and White
Great Ladies paint leſt men their Faces ſlight?
Our rural Beauties fear not rain nor heat,
No more than Lillies do Sun-ſhine or Wet.
Nor piercing Wind its blite on them does ſhovv,
When folds they tend or ſinging milk the Covv.
Palena's voice did then ſo lovely ſpeak
I look'd t'vvould once more *Pan* a Lover make.
Who then can call our Lives or Pleaſures ſcant
If neither Love nor Beauty is our vvant?
Diana's Nymphs like ours in dreſs vvent plain,
And vvouldſt thou more for thine or mine obtain?
Svvains chuſe ſuch Dames for their embrace vvill grip
And fear not freckles in hot days at rip.
Were they more Rich they might Ambitious grow
By thinking how more ſoft in Silk they'd ſhovv.
But O! too much (theſe days) the lovv exceed
Above the Houſe and Blood vvhich them did breed:
I knevv a Shepherdeſs about laſt *May*,
Was ſoon allur'd to be cloth'd ſoft and gay.
Swains may pernicious ſuch Examples find,
If to be Rich their fair ones turn unkind.

Let

Let them rejoyce in their content though low
And that their Females no more greatneſs know.
They bluſh when they behold a gentile face,
And on rich Veſtments with diſorder gaze.
I know a lovely Sheperdeſs that ſaid
A great man with fine words made her afraid;
Though next his ſpeech he offer'd finer things
And bid her caſt away her woodden Rings.
She ſtarted and took flight with nimble haſte
As once did *Daphne* by *Apollo* chaſte.
The Bay's to her we Rurals then did give
And Village-Songs in which her name will live.
Sing Shepherds ſing on all theſe hills again,
Your Flocks and Loves are yours on every Plain.
I know a Poet well inſpir'd ſome ſay,
Who on a tender Reed ſoft Verſe can play.
This Theam I'le give him firſt or bid him ſing
What will produce for us more Bees at Spring:
And ev'n to wonder ſoon encreaſe our ſtocks,
T' will help us to ſome Coyn and ſpare our flocks.
Let Swains rejoyce, what e're their States do need,
See, I have made on purpoſe Pipes of Reed.

F I N I S.